

TINKLE



THE FORTNIGHTLY
FOR CHILDREN
FROM THE HOUSE OF
AMAR CHITRA KATHA

COMETS

A TALE OF
TWO NEIGHBOURS

ANIMAL EATING HABITS

Scanned & Edited By
Rajesh Kumar

*"WOW!
Look at these labels. They
are so neat and easy to emboss. All I
have to do is set the alphabets, and
go click, click, click... and out
comes an embossed label!"*

*"Wait till
Mummy sees all these labelled jars!
And our friends at school will be surprised
to see all our items neatly labelled. Now
we won't lose our things in
the class-room."*



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October 20, 1985

Published by H.G. Mirchandani, for IBH Publishers Pvt. Ltd., Mahalaxmi Chambers, 22,
Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400 026 and printed by him at Usha Offset Printers Pvt.
Ltd., 125 Government Industrial Estate, Kandivli (W), Bombay 400 067.

Editor: Anant Pai

Associate Editors: Nira Benegal • Dev Nadkarni

Art Consultant: Ram Waerker Production: Maranna B. Shetty

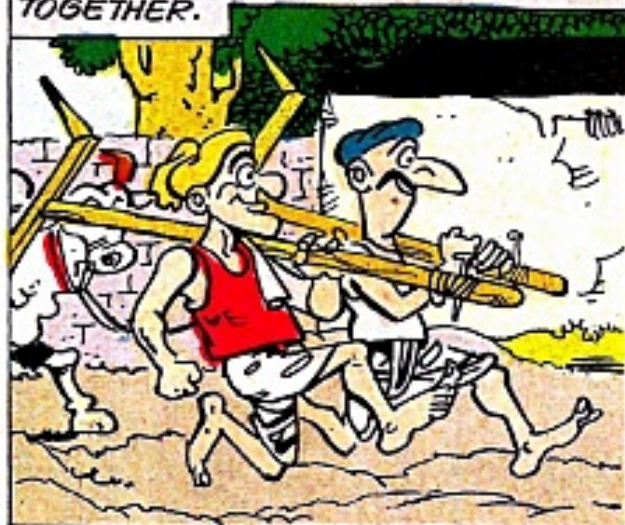
A TALE OF TWO NEIGHBOURS

Material Provided by
Manju Jain

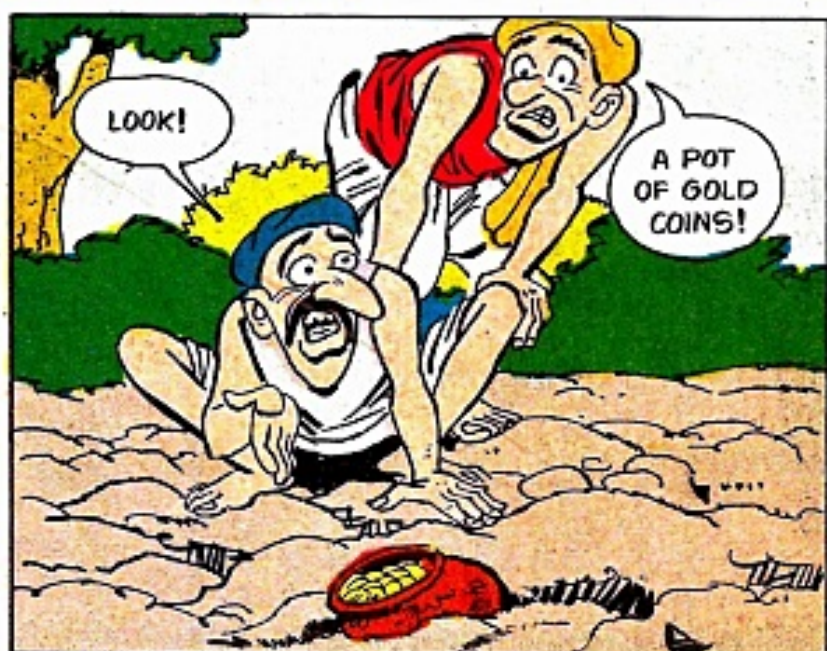
Script:
Appaswami

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

NAGACHANDRA AND BALACHANDRA WERE NOT ONLY NEIGHBOURS AND CLOSE FRIENDS, THEY ALSO TILLED THE LAND TOGETHER.



ONE DAY —



THE TWO FRIENDS BURIED THE TREASURE UNDER A MANGO TREE.



THAT NIGHT BALACHANDRA HAD NO SLEEP.



NO! I WILL ONLY TAKE HALF.



BUT I COULD GET IT ALL IF I ACT NOW...

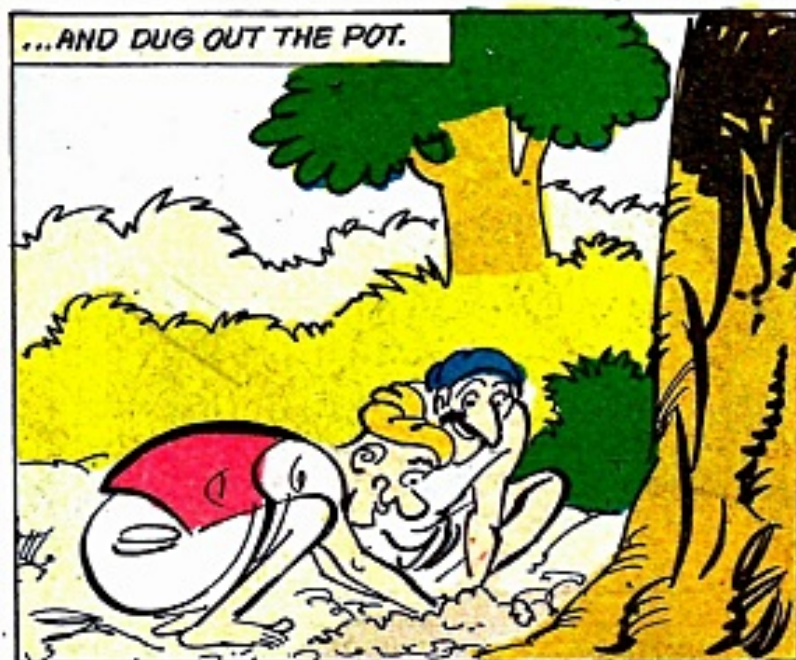
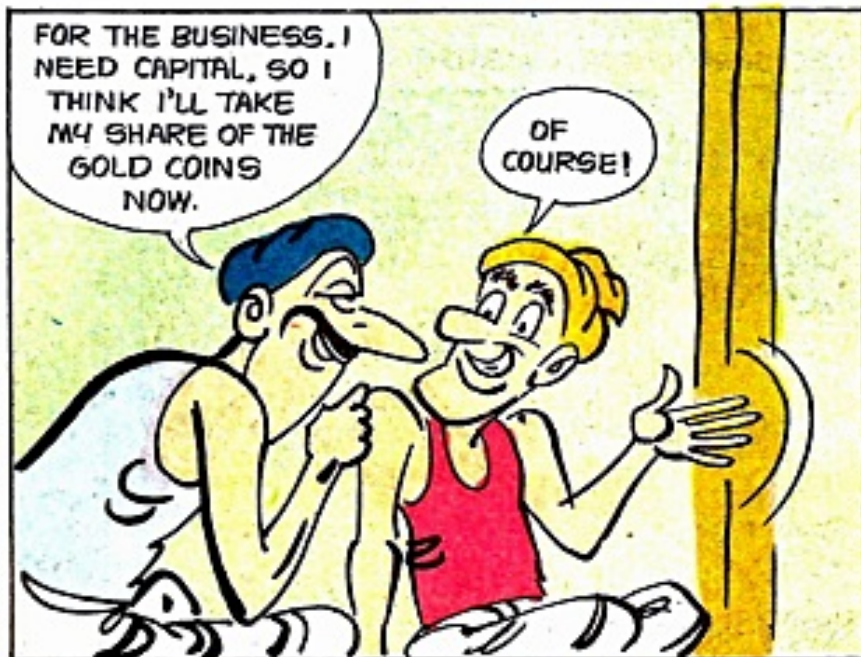


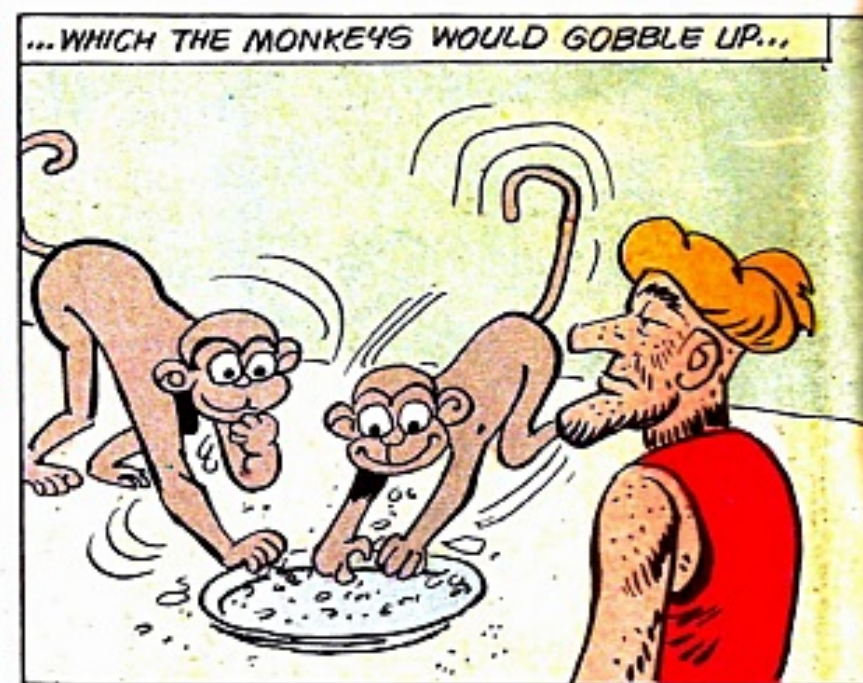
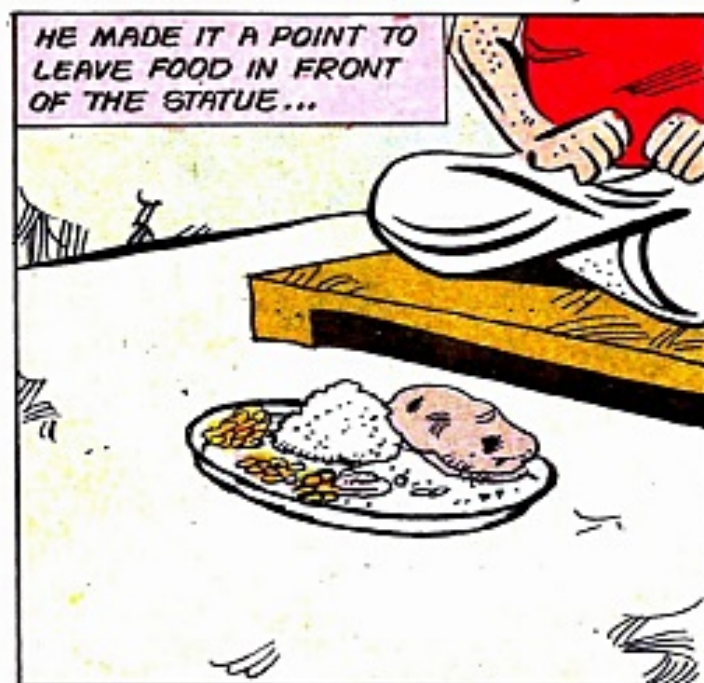
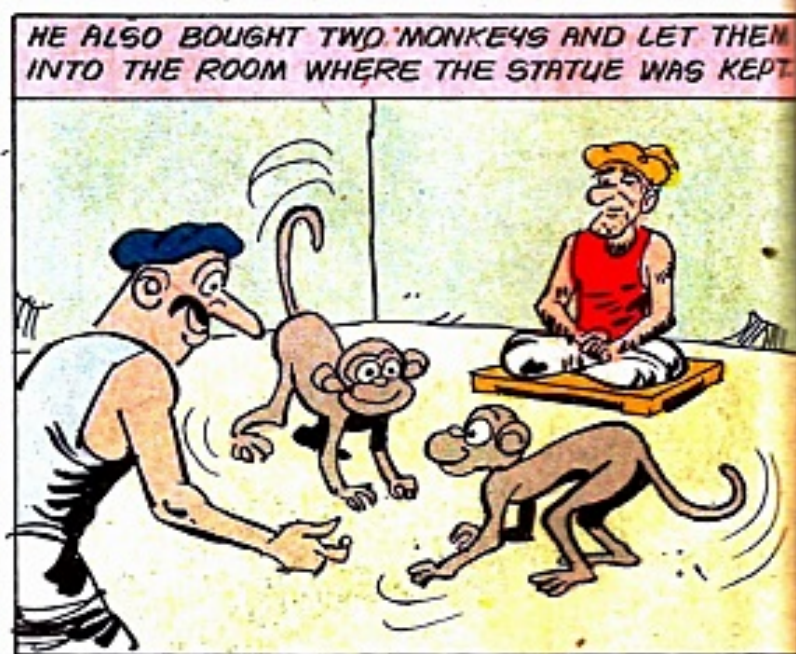
SO BALACHANDRA LEFT HIS HOUSE.



A FEW WEEKS LATER—







SOON THE MONKEYS LEARNED TO RUN UP AND DOWN THE STATUE WITHOUT ANY FEAR.

ALL IS READY,
NOW.



BALACHANDRA'S SONS OFTEN PLAYED AT NAGACHANDRA'S HOUSE.

COME,
LITTLE ONES.
COME.



THAT DAY BALA'S CHILDREN DID NOT
RETURN HOME EVEN AFTER IT WAS DARK.

LET ME GO
AND BRING
THEM BACK.



AT NAGACHANDRA'S —

COME IN,
BALA.



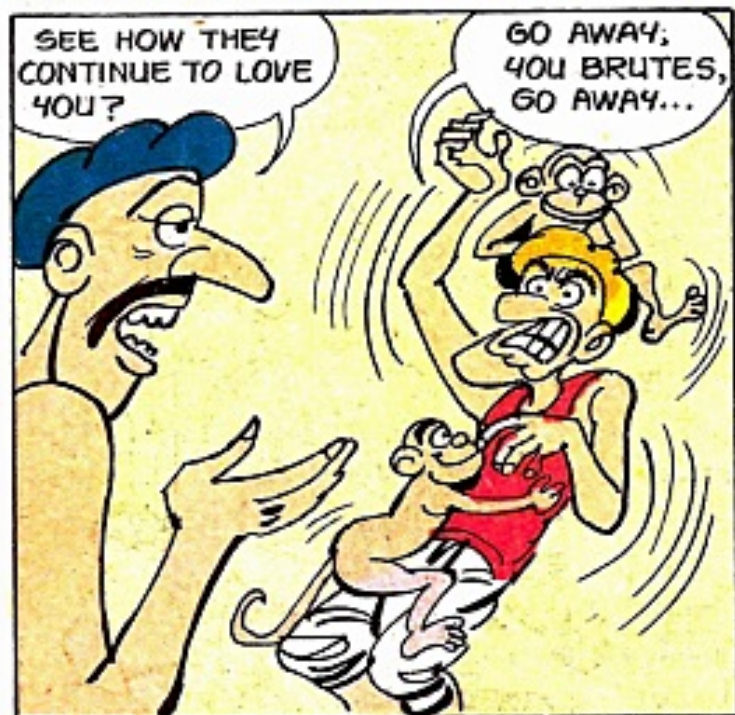
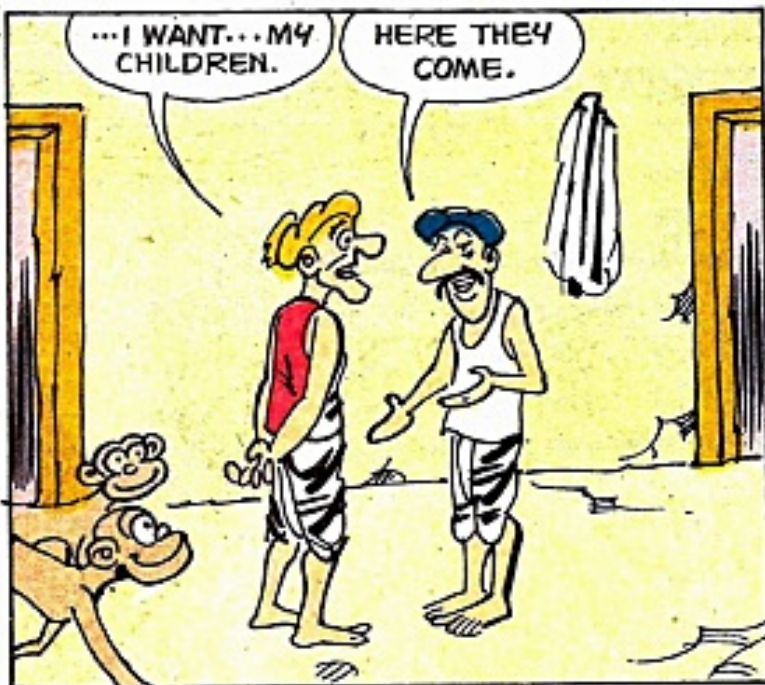
I HAVE COME
FOR MY SONS,
NAGA.

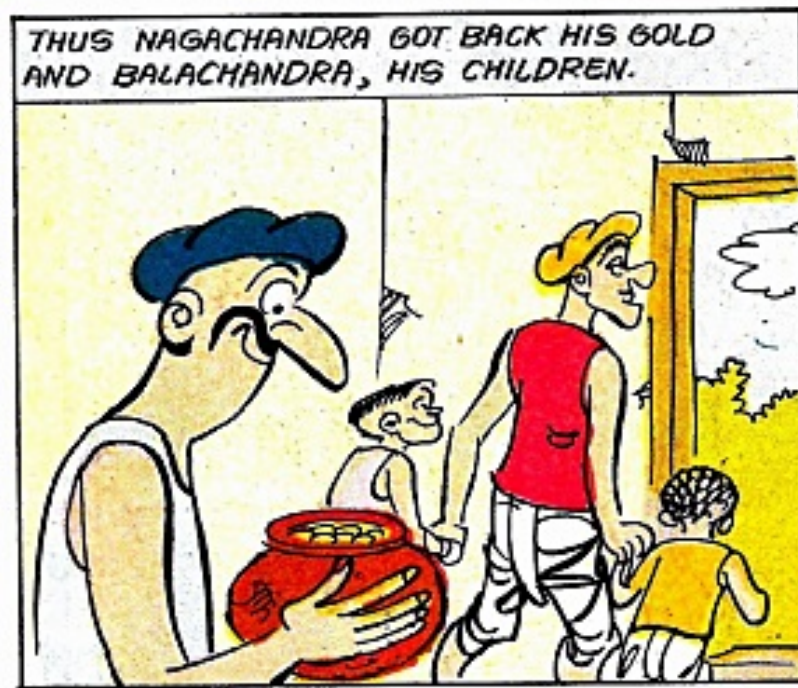
I KNOW. I KNOW
HOW MUCH YOU
LOVE THEM.



REMEMBER THAT THEY
ARE YOUR CHILDREN
SO GIVE THEM
YOUR LOVE AS
BEFORE.







Animal Eating Habits

Script:
Vaijayanti Wagle

Illustrations:
Goutam Sen

PEOPLE EAT IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

SOME USE THEIR HANDS...



... SOME FORKS AND KNIVES...



...AND STILL OTHERS USE CHOPSTICKS...

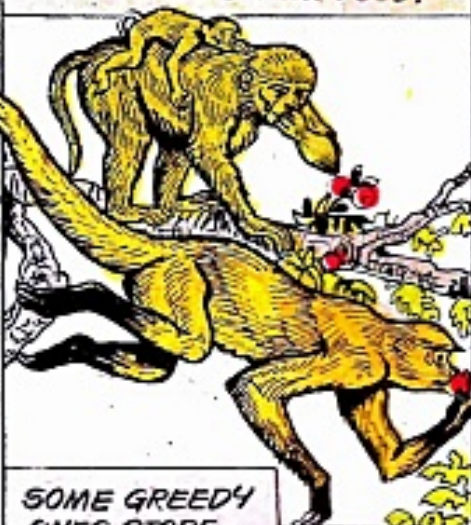


ANIMALS TOO EAT IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

APES AND MONKEYS USE THEIR FINGERS TO SKILFULLY PICK FRUIT AND HUNT OUT SMALL INSECTS AND REPTILES.



SMALLER MONKEYS ARE NOT SO WELL-MANNERED. THEY USE THEIR HANDS TO STUFF THEIR MOUTHS WITH FOOD.



SOME GREEDY ONES STORE MORE FOOD THAN THEY CAN EAT IN THEIR CHEEK POUCHES. THEN THEY EAT IT AT LEISURE.

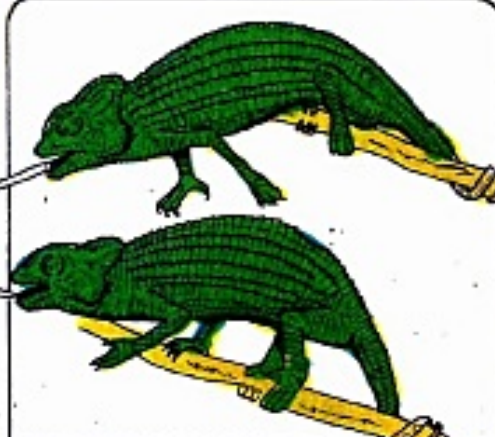
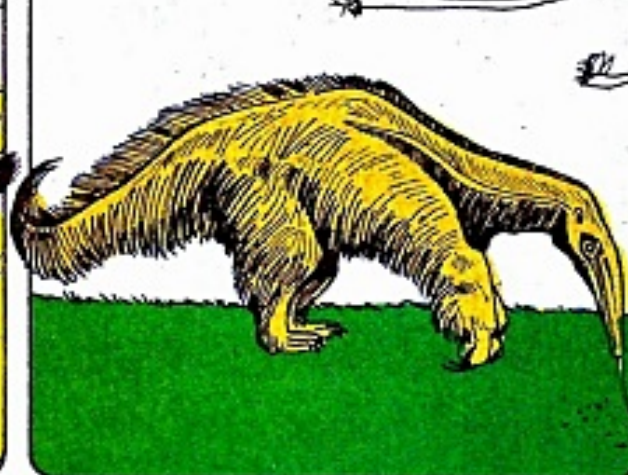
THE AYE AYE MONKEYS OF MADAGASCAR HAVE UNUSUALLY LONG FINGERS. BIRDS' EGGS ARE THEIR FAVOURITE FOOD. THEY BITE A HOLE IN THE EGG AND USE THEIR SLIM FINGERS LIKE CHOPSTICKS TO SCOOP THE CONTENTS INTO THEIR MOUTHS.



RACOONS ARE FUSSY. THEY DEMAND CLEANLINESS! USING THEIR FRONT FEET, THEY WASH THEIR FOOD BEFORE SETTLING DOWN TO THEIR MEAL.

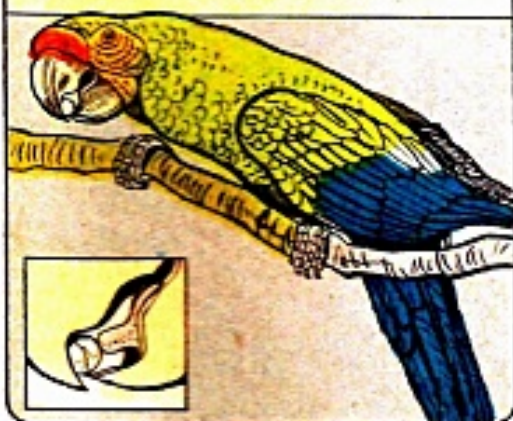


THE ANT-EATER PUSHES ITS LONG TONGUE INTO AN ANTS' NEST AND TRAPS HUNDREDS OF ANTS ON ITS STICKY SURFACE.



CHAMELEONS MERELY SIT AND WAIT FOR THEIR MEALS. AS AN INSECT FLIES BY, THE CHAMELEON'S LONG TONGUE WHIPS OUT AT GREAT SPEED AND CAPTURES THE SURPRISED VICTIM ON A STICKY KNOB AT ITS END.

THE PARROT'S TONGUE IS A SMALL ROUND STUB, BUT IT HELPS TO PUSH FOOD INTO ITS PROPER PLACE BEFORE THE BEAK CRUNCHES IT.



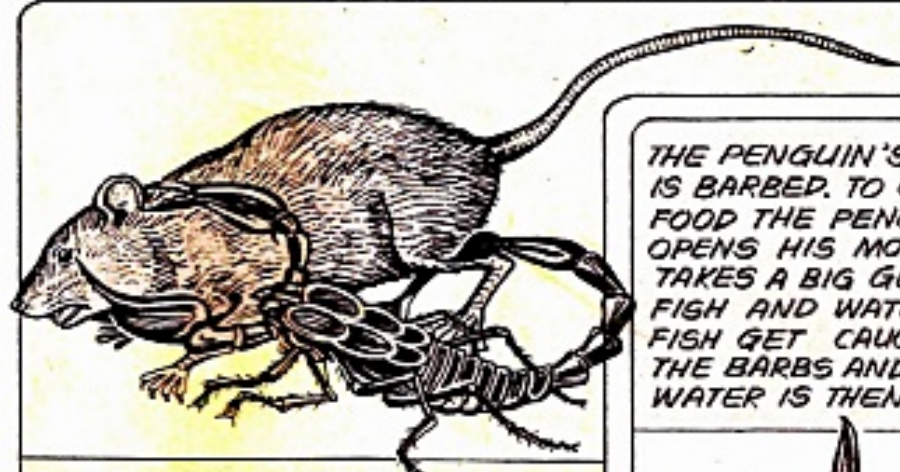
THE CLEVER WOODPECKER TAPS ON TREE-TRUNKS. FRIGHTENED INSECTS COME SCURRYING OUT AND THE WOODPECKER'S LONG TONGUE SHOOTS OUT TO GATHER THEM.



THE SNAIL'S TONGUE IS ROUGH, BUT IT IS USEFUL IN SCRAPING AND TEARING LEAVES WHICH THE SNAIL RELISHES.

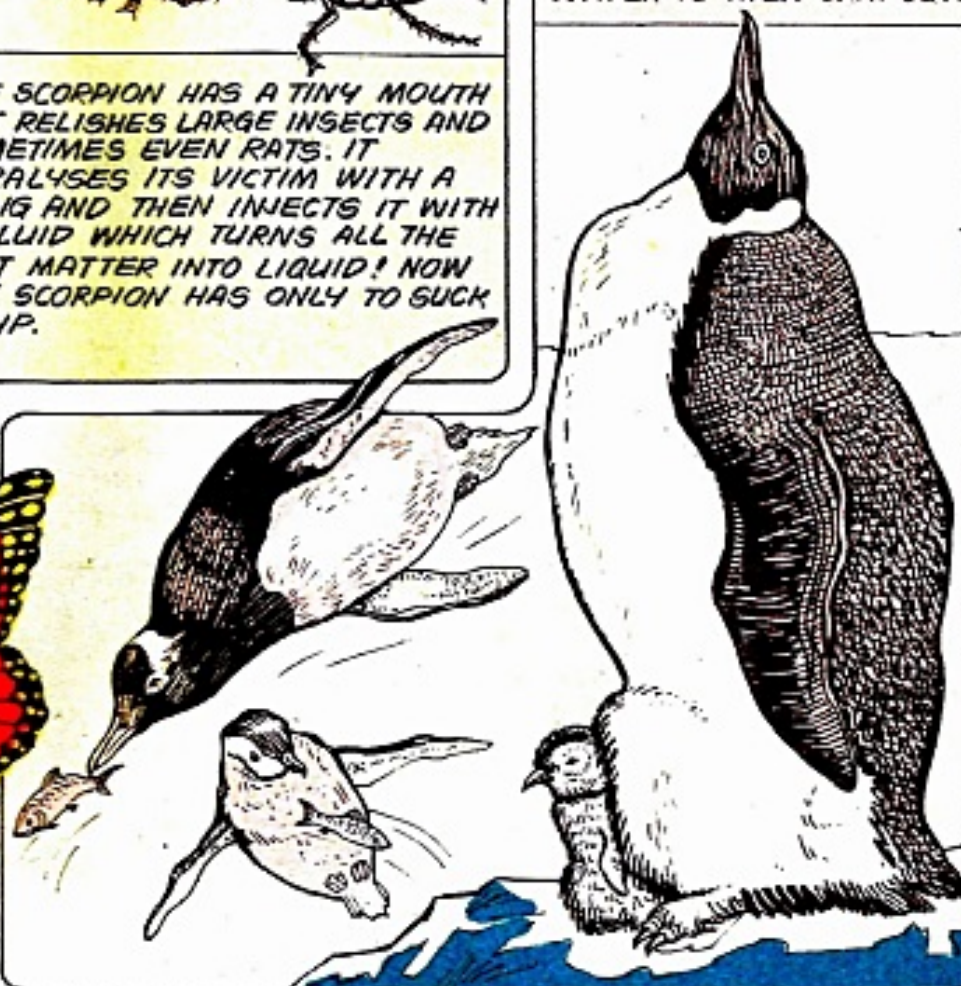


EGG-EATING SNAKES USE THEIR TONGUES TO SEARCH OUT EGGS. YAWNING WIDELY, THE SNAKE SWALLOWS THE EGG WITH HIS MOUTH AND GULPS IT DOWN. SHARP SPINES ALONG THE SNAKE'S BACKBONE SAW THROUGH THE EGG AND THE CONTENTS SPILL OUT. THE CRUSHED SHELL IS THEN SPAT OUT.

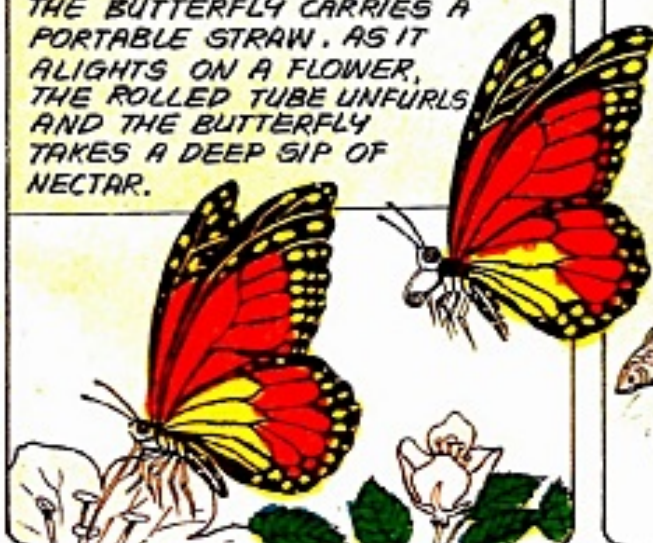


THE SCORPION HAS A TINY MOUTH BUT RELISHES LARGE INSECTS AND SOMETIMES EVEN RATS. IT PARALYSES ITS VICTIM WITH A STING AND THEN INJECTS IT WITH A FLUID WHICH TURNS ALL THE SOFT MATTER INTO LIQUID! NOW THE SCORPION HAS ONLY TO SUCK IT UP.

THE PENGUIN'S TONGUE IS BARBED. TO CATCH HIS FOOD THE PENGUIN OPENS HIS MOUTH AND TAKES A BIG GULP OF FISH AND WATER. THE FISH GET CAUGHT ON THE BARBS AND THE WATER IS THEN SPAT OUT.



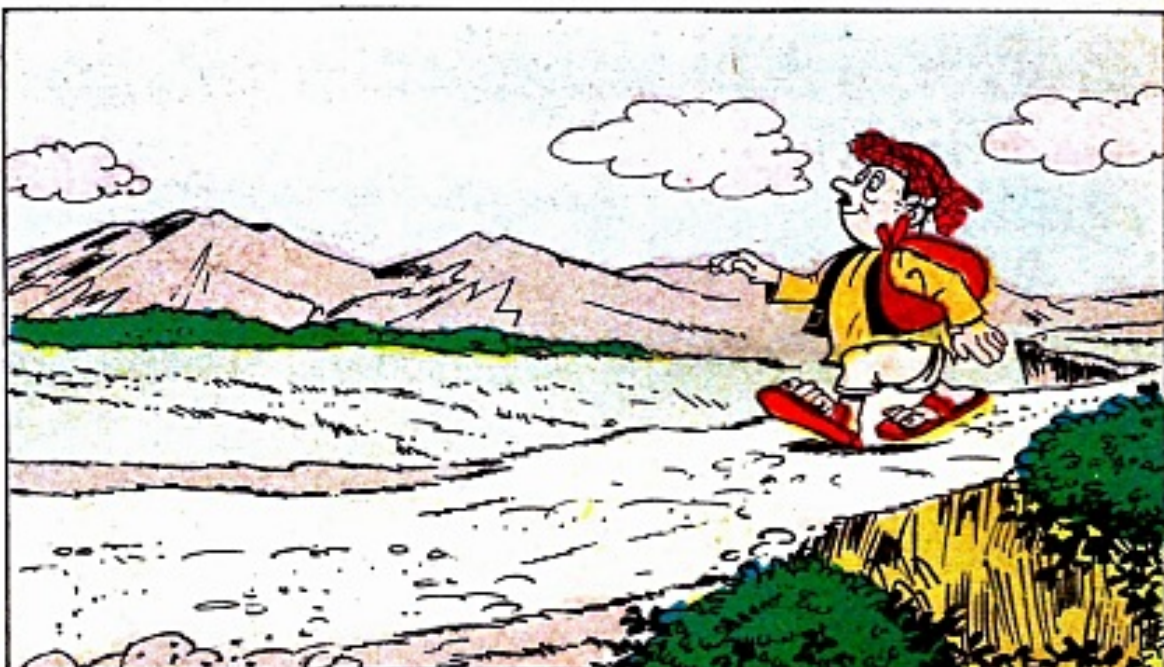
THE BUTTERFLY CARRIES A PORTABLE STRAW. AS IT ALIGHTS ON A FLOWER, THE ROLLED TUBE UNFURLS AND THE BUTTERFLY TAKES A DEEP SIP OF NECTAR.



Complete
the story
Competition
No. 19

PLAYING IT SAFE

Illustrations:
Goutam Sen



WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

Complete the story
in 200 or fewer
words and send it
to us by November
20, 1985. The best
entry will win
Rs. 50. Also three
Consolation prizes
of Rs. 25 each.

GRAMMATICAL ERROR

A Nasruddin Hodja Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by
Boipu Serto, Manipur

Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

ONCE, AS NASRUDDIN HODJA WAS TRAVELLING TO A NEARBY TOWN —

...AND HOW MANY CHILDREN DO YOU HAVE?

TWO.

DO THEY GO TO SCHOOL?

ONLY ONE OF MY CHILDREN GO TO SCHOOL.

TCH... TCH... YOU'RE FORGETTING YOUR GRAMMAR.

YOU MUST SAY, 'ONE OF MY CHILDREN GOES TO SCHOOL.'

SPEAK CORRECTLY OR DON'T SPEAK AT ALL — THAT'S MY PRINCIPLE!

?

O-ER.

SOME TIME LATER —

HEY! WHERE'S MY BAG OF POTATOES?

IT-ER— FELL OFF.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?

I WAS-ER— PLANNING TO...

...BUT I WAS WONDERING WHETHER 'YOUR BAG IS FALLING OFF' WAS CORRECT OR 'YOUR BAG FELL OFF' WAS MORE LIKE IT!

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS!

A Folktale from Karnataka

Script:
Nira Benegal

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

THE WITTIEST AND CLEVEREST MINISTER IN KING BHIMARAJ'S COURT WAS SUMATI. HIS FAME HAD SPREAD FAR AND WIDE...



...EVEN TO INDRAPUR, A RIVAL KINGDOM, FAR UP NORTH.

I HAVE HEARD THAT KING BHIMARAJ'S MINISTER, SUMATI, IS VERY CLEVER.

YES, SIRE. PEOPLE SAY THAT WE'D BE HARD-PRESSED TO FIND ANYONE MORE CLEVER.



HA! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT! WE'LL TEST HIM... NOW LISTEN, HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



MANY WEEKS LATER AT MANGALAPURA, KING BHIMARAJ'S KINGDOM—

YOUR MAJESTY, I BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM KING JAYARAJ OF INDRAPUR!

THANK YOU. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR HIM?



HE'S HEARD OF THE SUCCULENT CABBAGES AND RADISHES YOU HAVE HERE IN MANGALAPURA...

THAT'S TRUE—OUR VEGETABLES ARE RATHER GOOD!



KING JAYARAJ WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO TASTE SOME!

HMM... WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.



LATER, KING BHIMARAJ CALLED SUMATI TO HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS.

SUMATI, WE'RE IN TROUBLE. I CAN'T ALLOW JAYARAJ TO GET THE BETTER OF ME.

NO, YOU CAN'T, YOUR MAJESTY.

BUT HE WILL - HE WANTS TO EAT SOME OF OUR CABBAGES AND RADISHES!

OH!

HOW CAN WE SEND THEM TO HIM WHEN IT TAKES THREE MONTHS TO REACH INDRAPUR?

THEY'LL ROT BY THE TIME THEY REACH!

I AGREE IT'S A PROBLEM, SIRE, BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

WELL, YOU BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING, SUMATI... AND QUICKLY.

THE NEXT DAY -

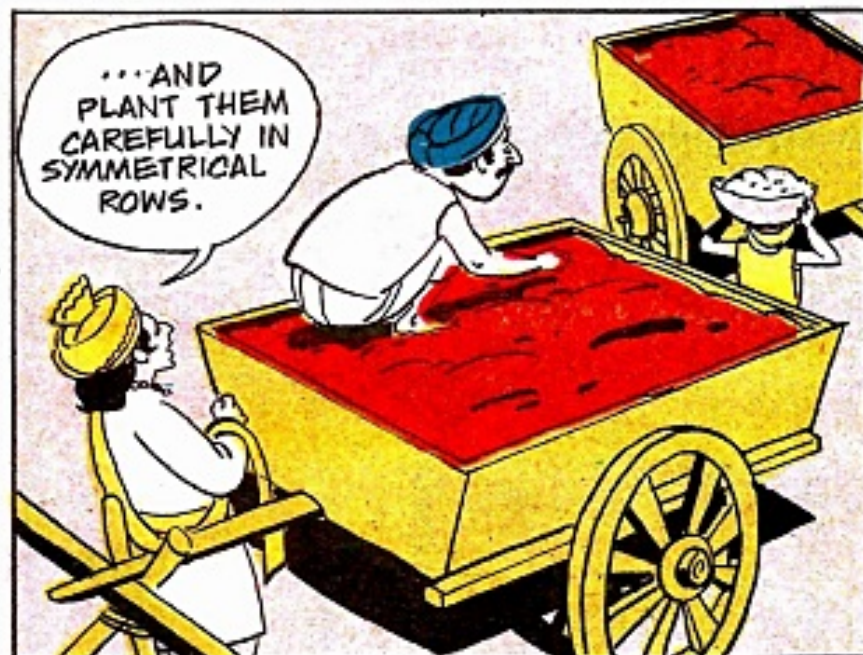
THERE'S A WAY OUT, SIRE. BUT I WILL NEED TWO CARTS, FOUR BULLOCKS AND FOUR TRUSTED MEN.

YOU'LL HAVE THEM, SUMATI.

SO SUMATI GOT BUSY -

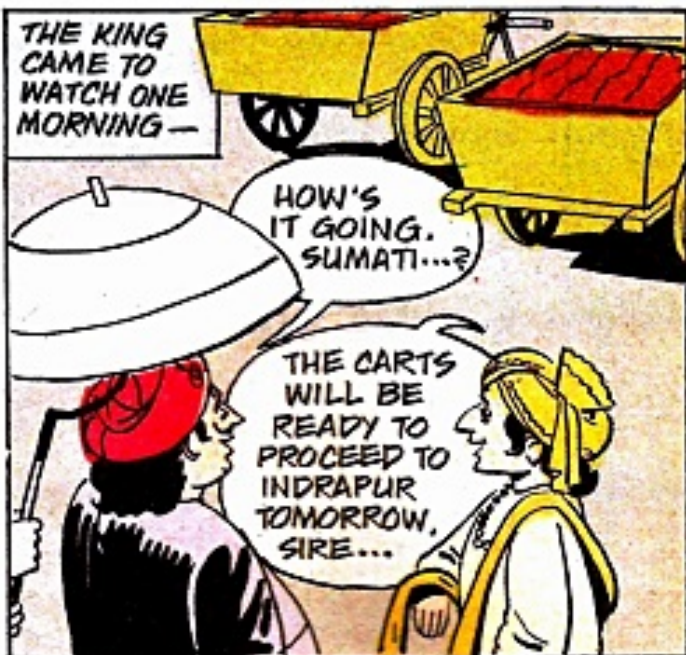
FILL THESE CARTS WITH RICH SOIL MIXED WITH MANURE...

NOW BRING THE BEST QUALITY CABBAGE AND RADISH SEEDS.



...AND PLANT THEM CAREFULLY IN SYMMETRICAL ROWS.

THE KING CAME TO WATCH ONE MORNING —



HOW'S IT GOING, SUMATI...?

THE CARTS WILL BE READY TO PROCEED TO INDRAPUR TOMORROW, SIRE...

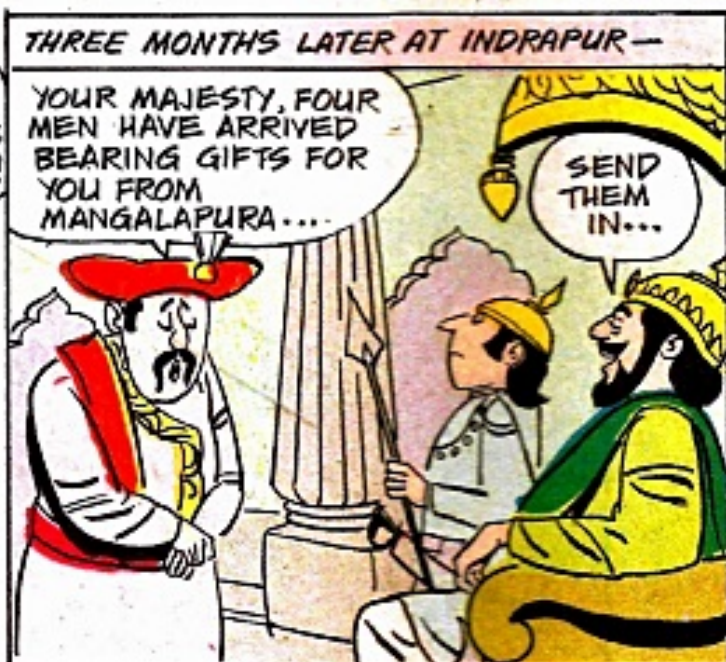


... THE MEN WILL WATER THE CARTS CAREFULLY EVERY DAY...



...AND WE HOPE JAYARAJ WILL ENJOY MANGALAPURA'S FAMOUS VEGETABLES!

HA! HA!



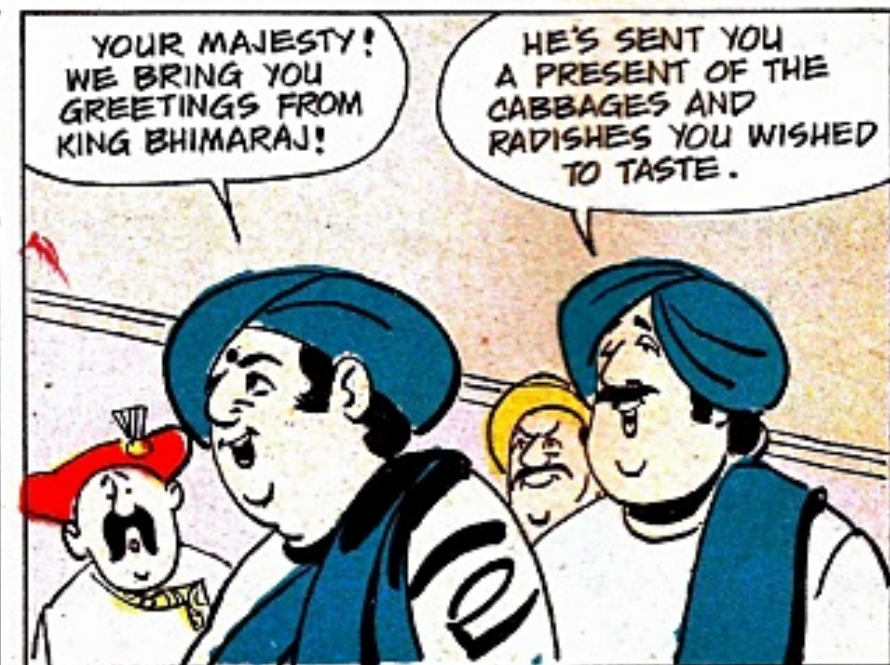
THREE MONTHS LATER AT INDRAPUR —

YOUR MAJESTY, FOUR MEN HAVE ARRIVED BEARING GIFTS FOR YOU FROM MANGALAPURA...

SEND THEM IN...

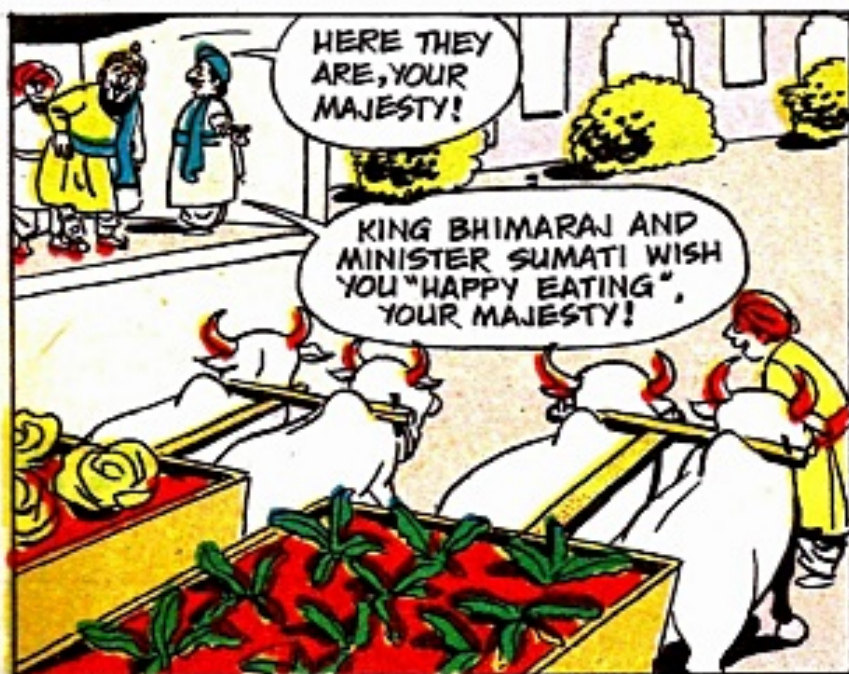


... MUST BE THE ROTTEN CABBAGES AND RADISHES!



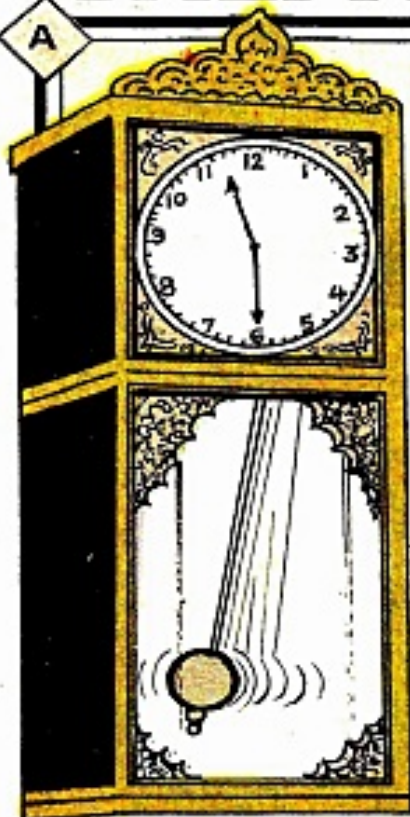
YOUR MAJESTY! WE BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM KING BHIMARAJ!

HE'S SENT YOU A PRESENT OF THE CABBAGES AND RADISHES YOU WISHED TO TASTE.

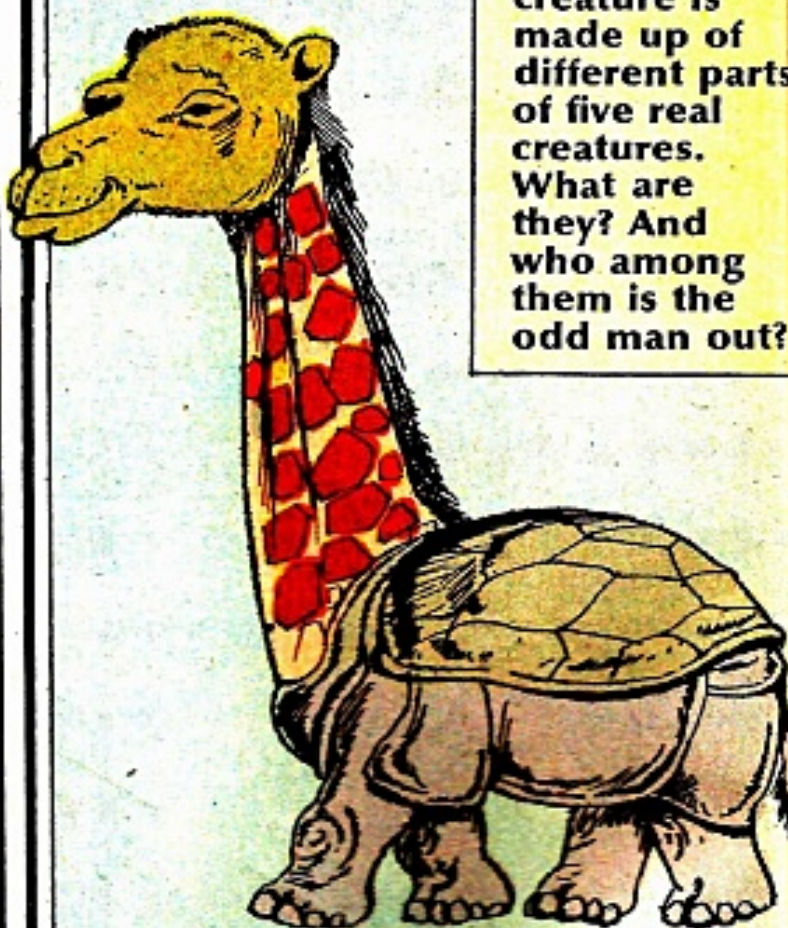


TINKLE TRICKS & TREATS

TTT-59



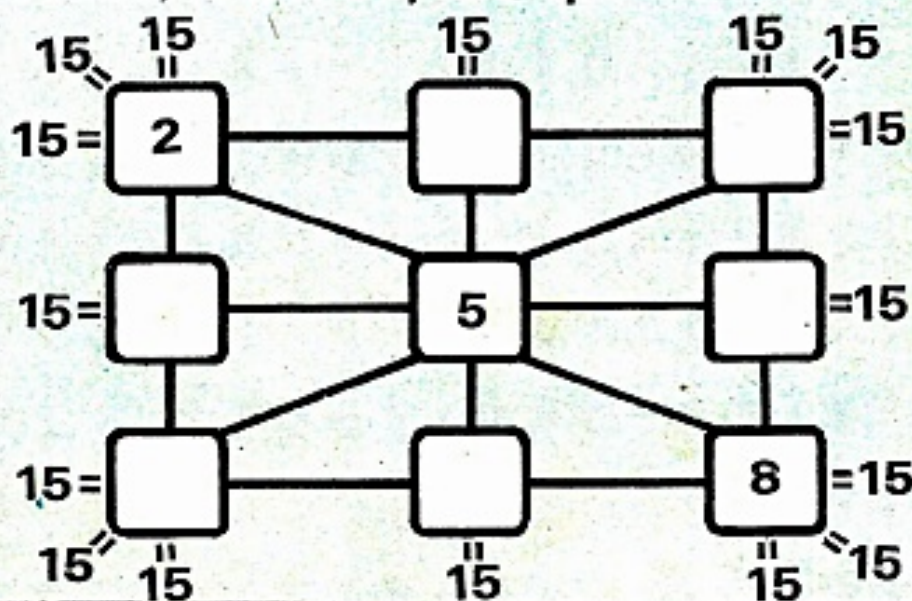
This clock strikes the hours with a loud 'Dong'. At 1 a.m. it strikes once; at 2 a.m. twice; at 3 a.m. thrice and so on upto 12 noon (striking 12 times). At 1 p.m. it strikes 13 times; at 2 p.m. 14 times and so on upto midnight. How many times does the clock strike in 24 hours?



This strange creature is made up of different parts of five real creatures. What are they? And who among them is the odd man out?

C

These numbers placed diagonally add upto 15. Can you arrange the other numbers (between 1 and 9) so that they add upto 15?



SOLUTIONS FOR TTT-59

A. Turn the board in such a way that Ramgarh points to the road which has brought the boy to this junction. Madhopur therefore, is to his right.

B. Start at B or C and follow the dotted line.

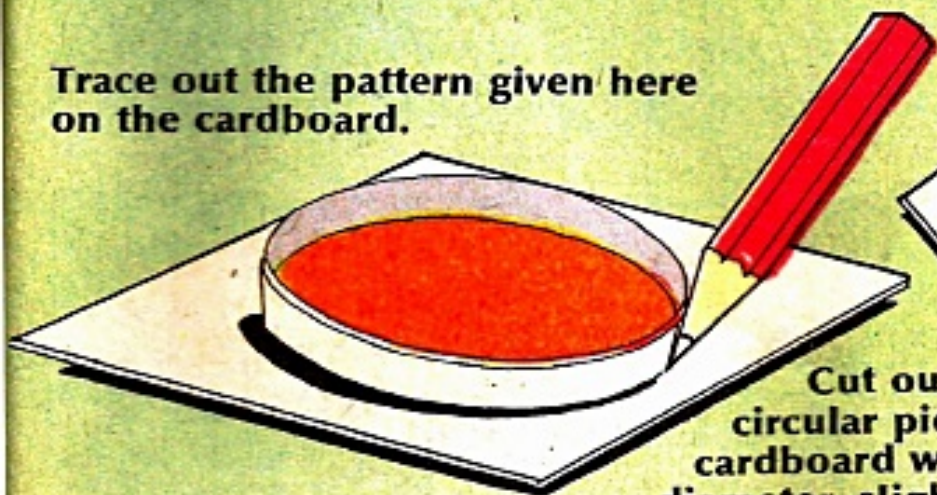
C. The order of the colours in the rainbow has been reversed.



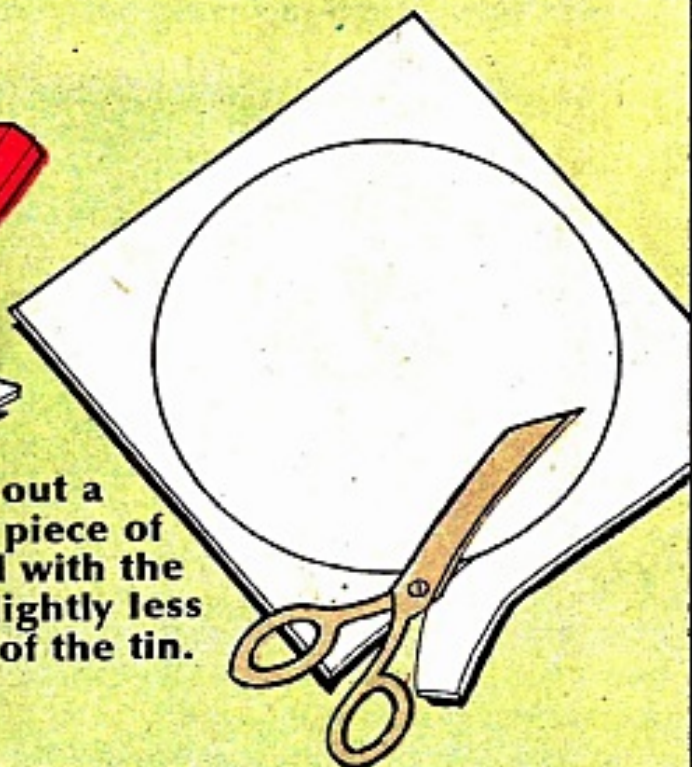
Do it yourself — THE MAZE

You will need: an empty shoe-polish tin, matchsticks, heavy beads and cardboard.

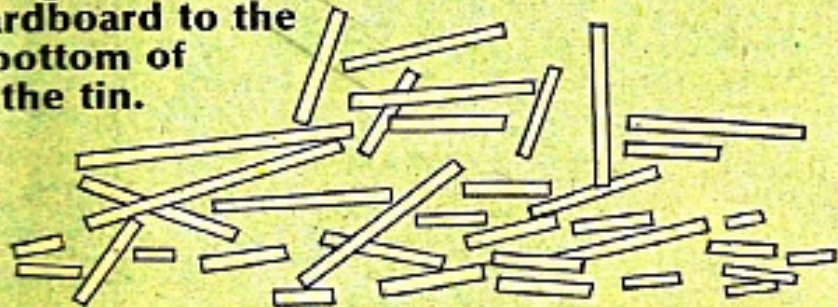
Trace out the pattern given here on the cardboard.



Cut out a circular piece of cardboard with the diameter slightly less than that of the tin.



Now glue the cardboard to the bottom of the tin.



Glue matchsticks along the lines of the pattern. The matchsticks can be cut to the right size where necessary.

The game is to get the bead from one point to another by tilting the tin. You can play this game with a partner. Points can be allotted for time taken by each contestant in getting the bead from one point to another.





Readers Write...

As soon as I received the book labels I stuck some on my pencil box. I exchanged two of them for a diary! Now what I want to tell you is that since Tantri is always trying to be the king, you should allow him to become the king in one story. If you don't, I will come myself and make him the king!

Suraj Joseph, Cochin

I am a regular reader of TINKLE. I enjoyed reading about Dams in TINKLE No. 83. During my holidays I visited both the Nagarjunasagar and Krishnarajasagar Dams.

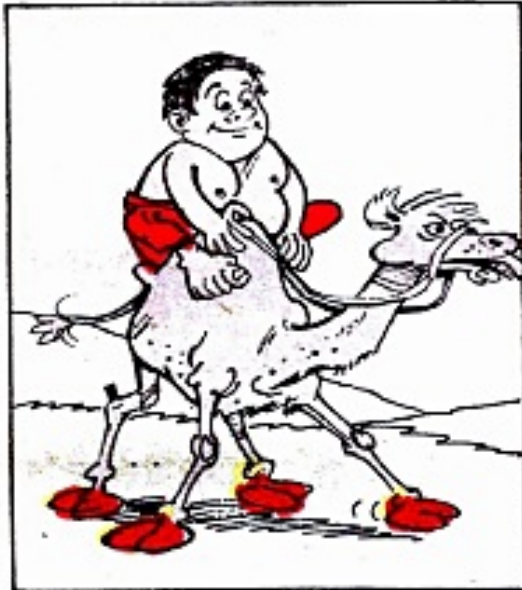
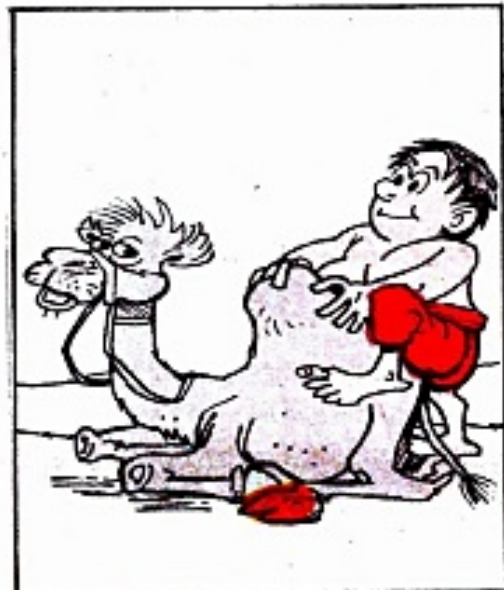
Atul Phadnis, Nagpur

Recently we held a General Knowledge Quiz. Some boys mugged up from general knowledge books, but I advised my friends to read 6 or 7 issues of TINKLE. So this is what we did and our team won the Quiz! Keep it up TINKLE, keep it up!

Anupam Gupta, Bombay

See and Smile

Based on an idea sent by R. Veena, Bombay



Winners of Holiday Express Competition

We received a large number of letters in the Holiday Express Competition published in Tinkle 82.

Most of the letters had more or less the same description of the holidays. We had, therefore, no alternative but to choose only two letters for the prizes.

No letter was found suitable for the third prize. The next ten best letters are being awarded "Tinkle" letterpads. The first and second prize-winning letters are published below.

Hearty congratulations to the winners!



First Prize:

K. Amulya,
Hyderabad



Second Prize:

T. Deepa Rao,
Goa



When our school announced the exam results, I was happy to know that I had been promoted to the next class. A few days later we left to visit my grandmother in Madras. Daddy had made train reservations for Mummy and me.

I was thrilled on the day of our departure. As usual Daddy was a bit late in taking us to the railway station and we reached just a few minutes before the departure of the train. After we were settled in the compartment, Daddy handed over the rail tickets to Mummy.

The train steamed off to Madras. After some time the ticket collector approached us for our tickets. Mummy took the tickets from her handbag and gave them to him. When he examined them he returned them with a suspicious look and told us that they were only platform tickets! Mummy and I were shocked and did not know what to do. The ticket collector then asked us to pay the full fare along with a fine.

Throughout the journey we brooded over Daddy's absent-mindedness. This is an experience I cannot forget!

One evening while I was watching T.V., I heard a rumbling sound outside my house. I was about to look out of the window, when my mother called me and told me to set the table for dinner. I forgot about the noise and did as she told me.

I had just finished helping her, when I heard the crushing of leaves—cr-cr-crazy! It was the same rumbling sound I had heard earlier and this time it was a little louder too. I was frightened—my hands and legs were shivering! I gathered courage and went to the window to see what was outside. And would you believe it? It was a deer. I heaved a sigh of relief! It was eating banana leaves from our tree. We shoed it away.

The next evening my friends and I were playing outside and we were astonished to see the deer back in our colony! We gave it many things to eat and now it comes to our colony almost every day!

Comets

Script: J.D. Isloor

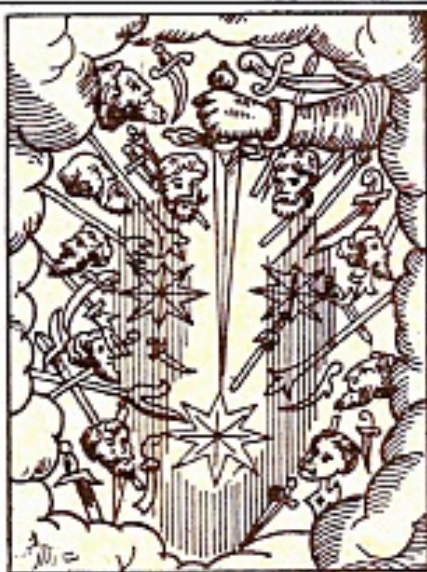
Illustrations: Anand Mande



BECAUSE OF THEIR UNUSUAL SHAPE AND BRILLIANCE, COMETS WERE FEARED BY ALL THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD THROUGH THE AGES.



FAMINES, WARS AND DEATHS OF KINGS WERE ASSOCIATED WITH COMETS.

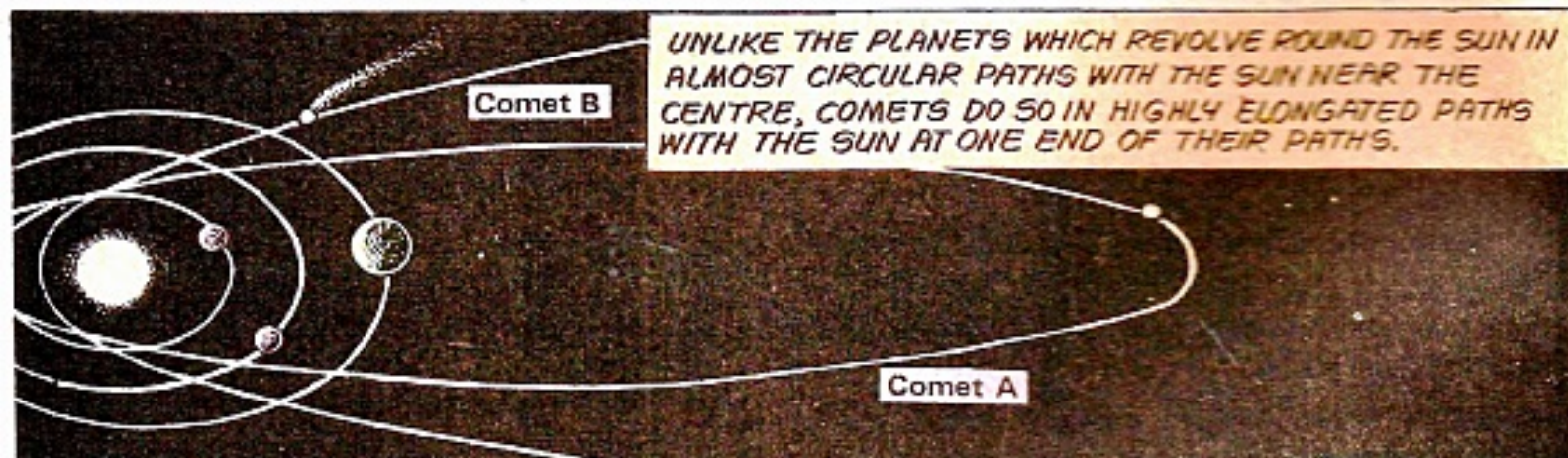


A medieval engraving of "The Comet of 1528"

TODAY, WE KNOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING FRIGHTENING ABOUT THESE HARMLESS VOYAGERS OF THE SKY.

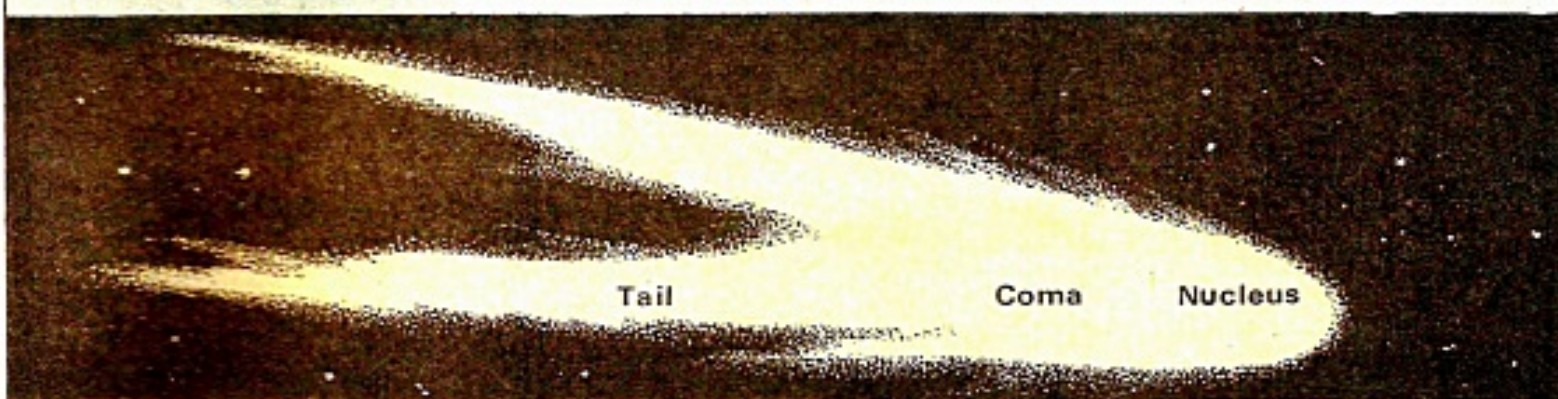


UNLIKE THE PLANETS WHICH REVOLVE ROUND THE SUN IN ALMOST CIRCULAR PATHS WITH THE SUN NEAR THE CENTRE, COMETS DO SO IN HIGHLY ELONGATED PATHS WITH THE SUN AT ONE END OF THEIR PATHS.



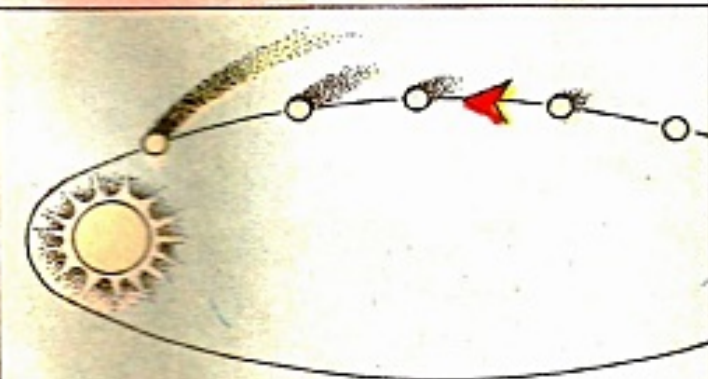
BUT NOT ALL COMETS GO ROUND THE SUN AGAIN AND AGAIN (LIKE COMET A). SOME OF THEM MAKE JUST ONE PASS AT THE SUN (COMET B) AND THEN LEAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM, NEVER TO RETURN.

WHEN SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE, A COMET APPEARS TO HAVE A NUCLEUS AND A LONG TAIL. THE NUCLEUS IS MADE OF ROCKS AND ICE SURROUNDED BY A CLOUD OF GASEOUS MATTER CALLED "COMA". THE TAIL CONSISTS OF GAS AND DUST.



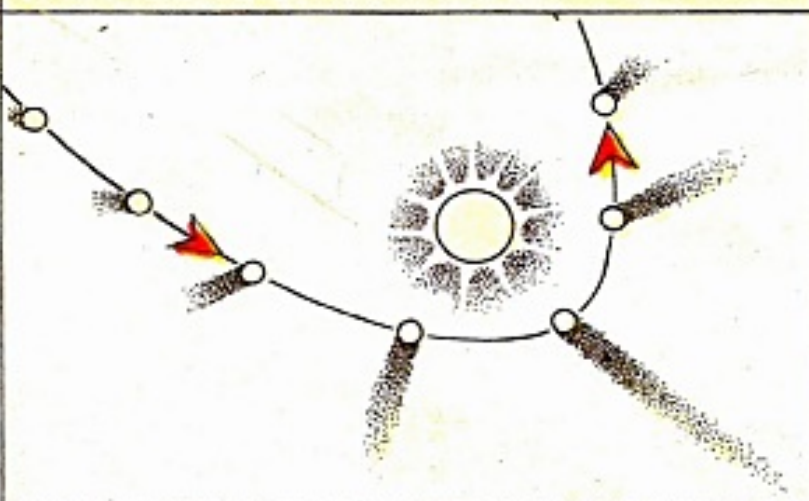
A COMET, ALONG WITH ITS TAIL, OCCUPIES A LARGE VOLUME OF SPACE—SOMETIMES EVEN LARGER THAN THAT OCCUPIED BY THE EARTH. YET IT HAS VERY LITTLE MATTER IN IT. COMETS HAVE RIGHTLY BEEN CALLED "GREAT BIG BAGS, FULL OF NOTHING".

WHEN THEY ARE FAR AWAY FROM THE SUN, COMETS HAVE NO TAILS.



IT IS ONLY AS THEY COME CLOSER TO THE SUN THAT THEY BEGIN TO GROW TAILS.

COMETS ALWAYS HAVE THEIR TAILS AWAY FROM THE SUN.

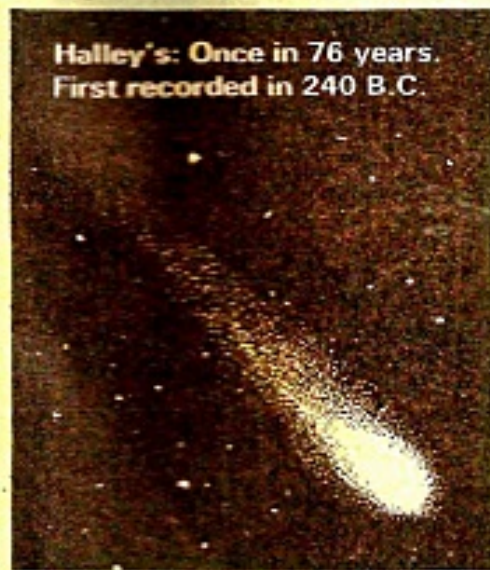


Here are some well-known Comets, the intervals at which they come to greet the sun and the years in which they were first recorded:

Halley's: Once in 76 years.
First recorded in 240 B.C.

Kohoutek: Period not known.
First recorded in 1975.

Donati's: Once in 2040 years.
First recorded in 1958.



Encke's Comet, first recorded in 1786, returns every 3.3 years and Arend-Roland Comet, which was recorded for the first time in 1957, will return only 10,000 years later—in 11,957 A.D.!

Readers' Choice

Forgetful Vinoo

Illustrations:
Goutam Sen



Based on
a story sent by
Namresh Bheda,
Bombay

MOTHER, I'M
GOING OUT
TO PLAY
CRICKET.



OKAY, VINOO, BUT BEFORE
YOU DO, PLEASE BRING ME
A LITRE OF KEROSENE.
HERE'S THE MONEY. KEEP IT
CAREFULLY IN YOUR POCKET.



MY FRIENDS WILL HAVE
STARTED THE GAME
ALREADY. I'D BETTER
RUSH AND FETCH
THE KEROSENE.



ONE LITRE OF
KEROSENE, PLEASE.



WHERE'S
THE
BOTTLE?

OH, NO! I WAS IN SUCH A
HURRY THAT I FORGOT
TO BRING A
BOTTLE!



I'D BETTER HURRY
HOME AND GET
THE ... 000?



MA, GIVE ME A BOTTLE!
I FORGOT TO TAKE ONE
WITH ME!



HERE, TAKE THIS.
BUT YOUR CLOTHES
ARE MUDDY.
CHANGE THEM
AT ONCE!

VINOO RUSHED BACK TO THE SHOP
AFTER CHANGING —
HERE'S THE KEROSENE.



AND
HERE'S YOUR
MONEY...

OH! NO! I LEFT THE
MONEY IN THE
POCKET OF THE
OTHER SHIRT...AND
THERE GOES MY
CRICKET!



How Beans Got Their Threads

Based on a story sent by K. Anuradha, Madras

Readers' Choice

Illustrations:
Ashok Dongre

ONE DAY TWO FRENCH BEANS WERE STANDING ON A BRIDGE WHEN—

LOOK AT THOSE TWO FAT POTATOES!

FATSOES!
HEE HEE HEE!



...AND THE BEANS LAUGHED TILL THEIR SIDES BURST.



AND THAT'S HOW BEANS HAVE GOT THREADS IN THEIR SIDES!

**"Porky the Pig's great fun to make
Bits 'n' pieces with Fevicol
That's all it takes"**

— Fevi Fairy



It's a neat trick,
And it's quick.
All you do is think
and stick.
Stick what?
Anything at all.
Just have a ball.
Make a pencil stand,
a basket
... even a doll.

It's not messy at all.
How can that be?
With Fevicol.

With Fevicol MR you
could go on and on...
and whatever you make,
will last and last.
Because Fevicol MR
really sticks to its job.

You will need:

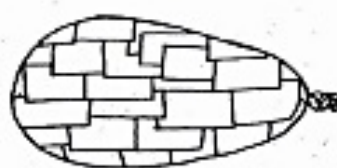
1. One balloon (medium size)
2. A few sheets of newspaper
3. Velvet paper in the following colours: pink, black, blue and yellow
4. White chart paper
5. Pink thread
6. Fevicol MR Adhesive



1. Inflate balloon to $\frac{3}{4}$ th capacity so that it remains soft. Tie tightly with thread so that no air escapes. This elongated tied end makes the tail.



Cut newspaper into 1" x 1" square pieces. Soak in water for 10-15 minutes. Place pieces one by one on balloon. Each piece should slightly overlap the other. Cover the whole balloon surface. Put 3 layers of newspaper in a similar manner.



3. Now take 1" x 1" square pieces of newspaper and apply Fevicol MR Adhesive on each of them. Stick them on the balloon. Put 4 such layers in a similar manner. Let it stay for 8-10 hours.



4. When balloon is dry and hard, prick with a pin to burst balloon. Just the shell of newspaper will remain. Decorate with a final layer of 1" x 1" square pieces of pink velvet paper using Fevicol MR Adhesive.



Take 5 chart paper pieces of size $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3". From them make 5 cylinders $1\frac{1}{2}$ " each in height. Stick black velvet paper on these. Stick 4 of them to the balloon to make the legs. Stick one of them to make the nose. On nose, stick a circle of chart paper covered with black velvet paper.



6. Make spectacles and ears from chart paper. Stick black velvet paper on ears and blue velvet paper on spectacles. Stick them in place. Make eyes from yellow velvet paper and eyeballs from black velvet paper.



7. Take two 1" x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " pieces of chart paper and stick pink velvet paper on them. Stick these on either side of piggy's body to form pockets for pens.

k! Oink! Porky the Pig is ready.
will keep your pens safely now.



FEVICOL MR
Adhesive

When you do your best, you stick with the best

and FEVICOL brand are the Registered Trade Marks of POLITE INDUSTRIES PVT. LTD., Bombay 400 021



THE PERCEPTIVE KING

Readers' Choice

Illustrations: Bapu Patil

Based on a story sent by K. Vijay Krishna, Hyderabad



ONE DAY AN OLD WOMAN WENT TO SEE THE KING.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO SEE THE KING.



THE KING WON'T SEE YOU!

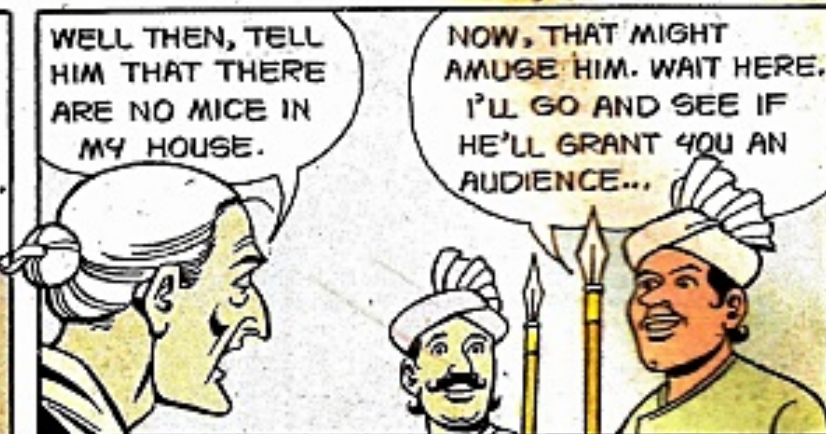
I AM POOR. I HAVE NO FOOD IN MY HOUSE. THE KING MUST HELP ME!

THE KING IS IN NO MOOD TO HEAR SUCH TALES. GO AWAY.



WELL THEN, TELL HIM THAT THERE ARE NO MICE IN MY HOUSE.

NOW, THAT MIGHT AMUSE HIM. WAIT HERE. I'LL GO AND SEE IF HE'LL GRANT YOU AN AUDIENCE...

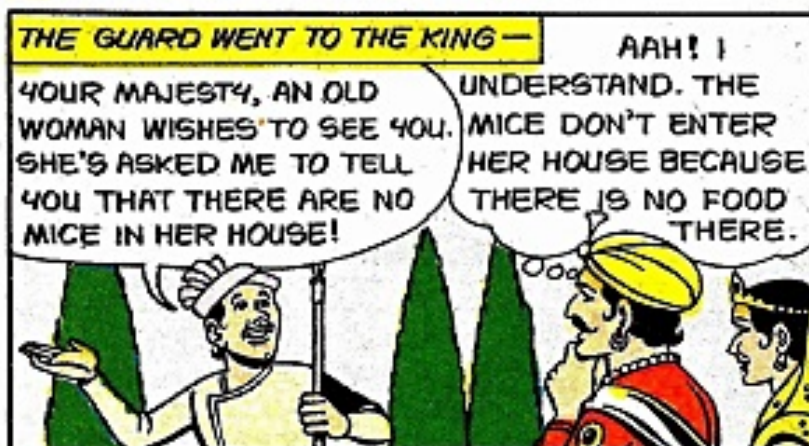


THE GUARD WENT TO THE KING—

YOUR MAJESTY, AN OLD WOMAN WISHES TO SEE YOU. SHE'S ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT THERE ARE NO MICE IN HER HOUSE!

AAH! I

UNDERSTAND. THE MICE DON'T ENTER HER HOUSE BECAUSE THERE IS NO FOOD THERE.



SEND HER IN!



YOU CAN GO IN NOW. THE KING WILL SEE YOU.



HERE, TAKE THIS BAG OF COINS. THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF ALL YOUR PROBLEMS.

THANK YOU, O GREAT AND MERCIFUL KING.



Kalia THE CROW

Script
and
Illustrations :
IYER PRASAD B.

GET OUT OF MY WAY!

WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU ARE?
YOU GET OUT
OF MY WAY!

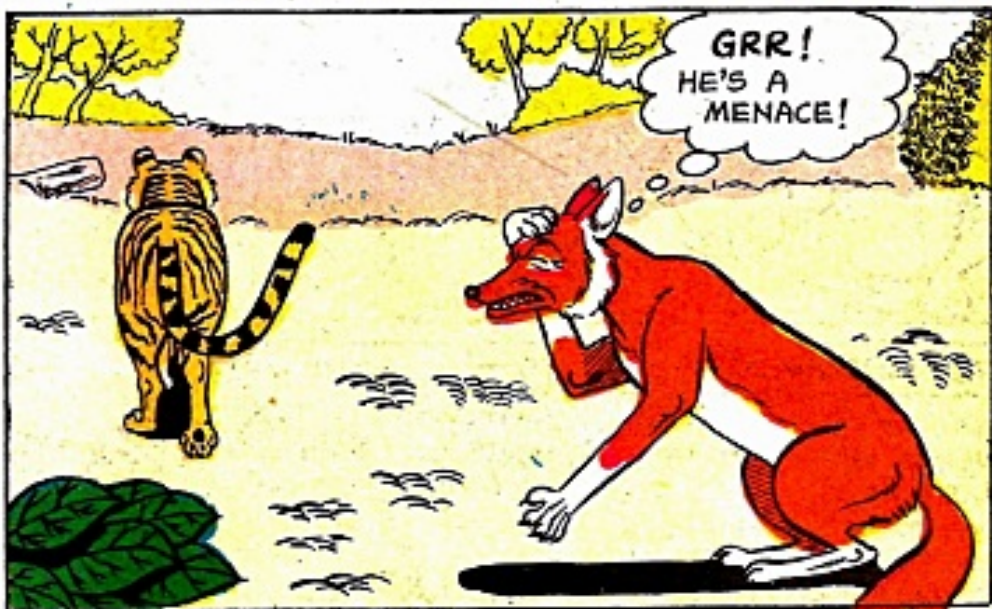


I'M THE NEW KING
OF THIS JUNGLE AND
DON'T YOU FORGET
IT!

BONG



GRR!
HE'S A
MENACE!



I'LL SHOW
THESE
FOOLS!



I WANT ALL THE
ANIMALS OF THIS
FOREST TO COME
HERE!

THUMP!
THUMP!



SOON—

YOU'RE ALL HERE. GOOD!
I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT
I AM THE NEW KING OF
THIS FOREST! ANY
OBJECTIONS?



YES! THERE HAS
NEVER BEEN ANY
KING IN THIS FOREST
AND THERE NEVER
WILL BE!



TAKE THAT!

BOP!



THUD!



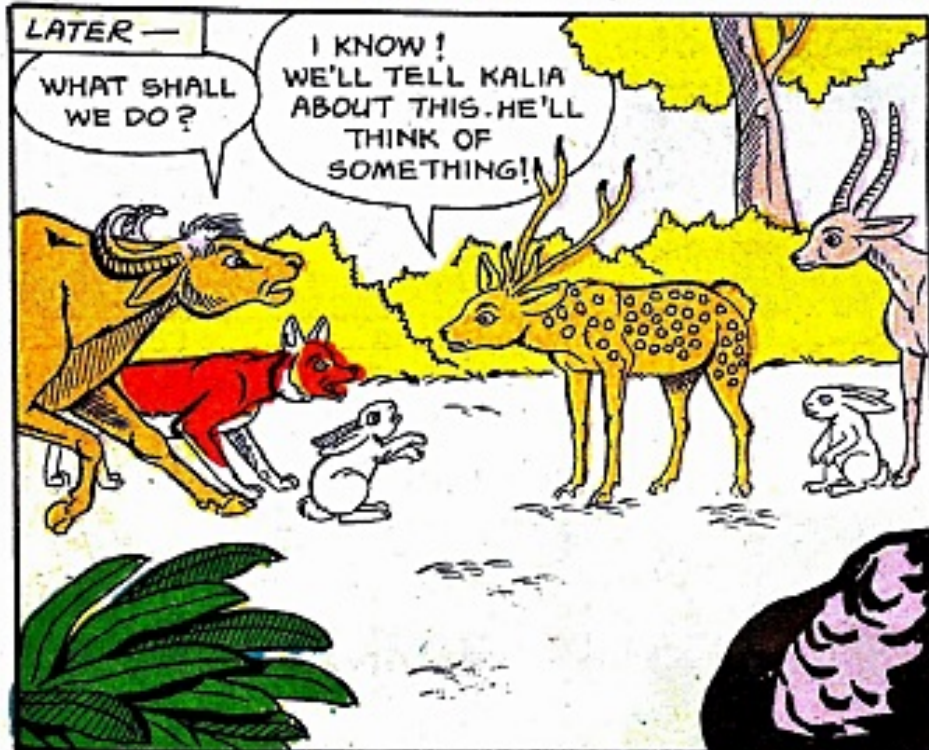
SO IT'S AGREED
THAT I'M THE
KING. YOU WILL
ALL COME TO
MY CORONATION
TOMORROW!



LATER—

WHAT SHALL
WE DO?

I KNOW!
WE'LL TELL KALIA
ABOUT THIS. HE'LL
THINK OF
SOMETHING!



...SO THAT'S
IT, KALIA!

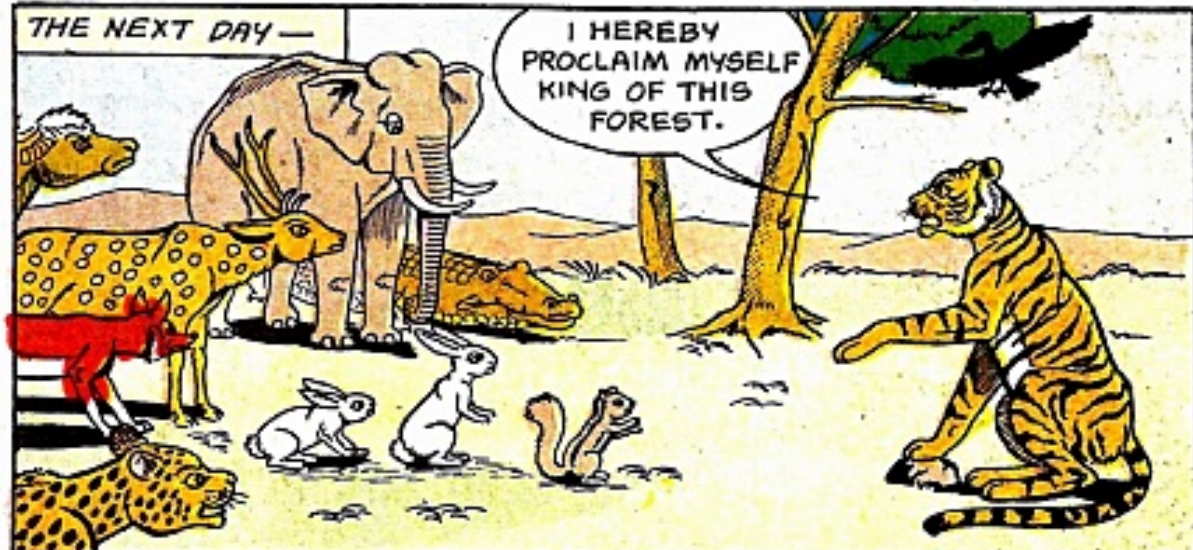
HMM... LEAVE
HIM TO ME.
KING INDEED!



LET ME SEE...

THE NEXT DAY —

I HEREBY
PROCLAIM MYSELF
KING OF THIS
FOREST.



WAIT!

HOW DARE YOU
INTERRUPT, YOU
CHURL!

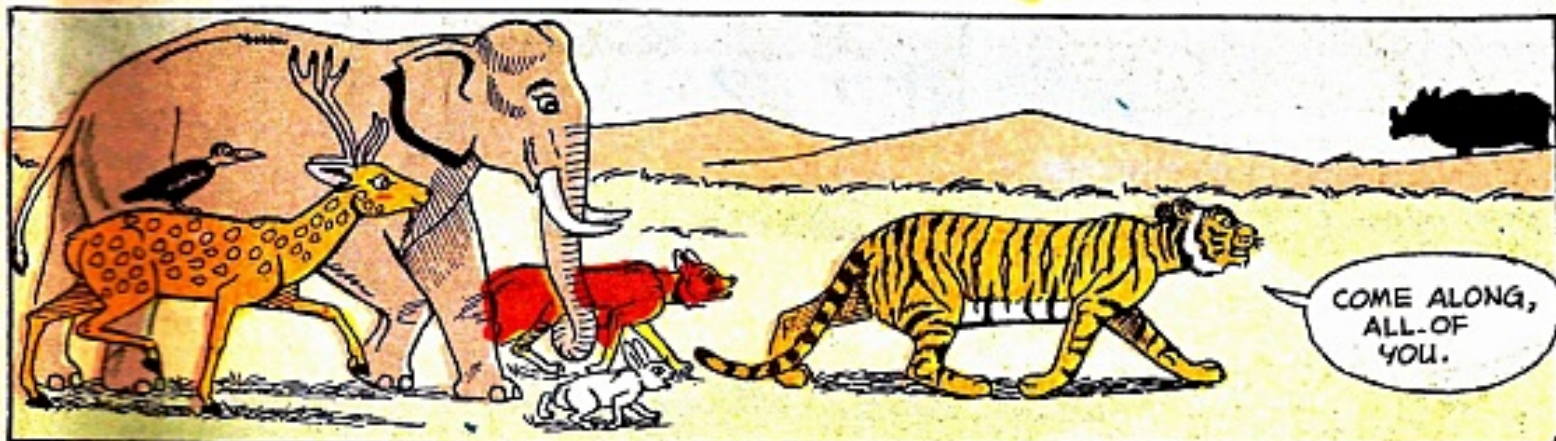


EXCUSE ME! BUT AS A KING
YOU MUST HAVE A ROYAL
SCEPTRE, AND I SUGGEST
THAT YOU GET YOURSELF
THE HORN OF A RHINO-
CEROS. THEN YOU
WILL BE A REAL
KING.

YOU'RE
RIGHT!



COME ALONG,
ALL OF
YOU.



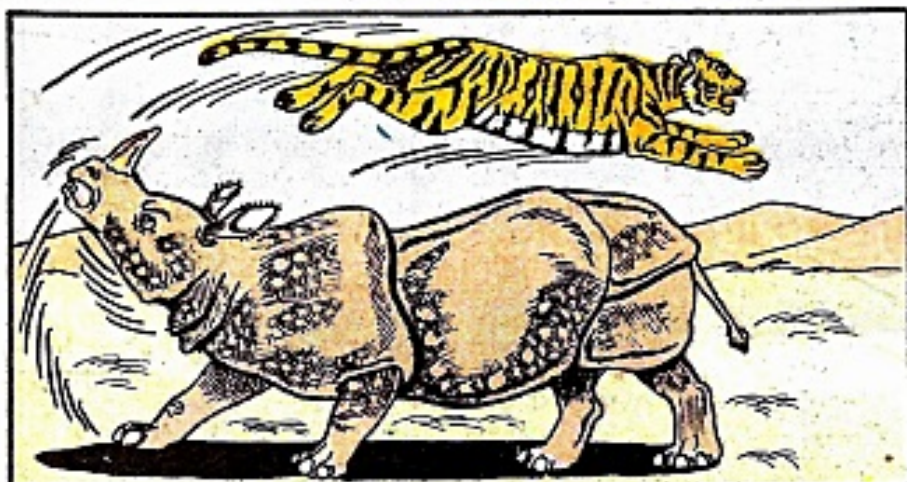
HEY, YOU THERE!
I WANT YOUR HORN!
HAND IT OVER!

WHAT?



HE WANTS MY HORN!
HA! HA! HA!

I'LL TAKE IT
MYSELF!



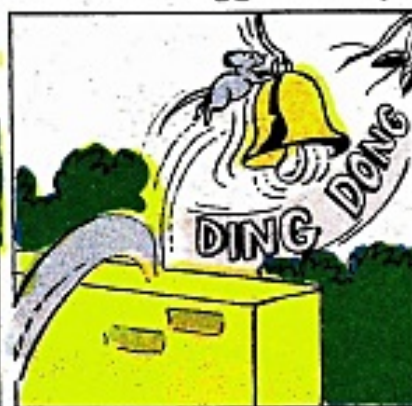
TAKE MY HORN,
WILL YOU?



HE WON'T BE
BACK FOR A
LONG TIME.

FOR ONCE
I AGREE WITH YOU,
KALIA! THANKS!
HA! HA!





To Our Readers

TINKLE SUBSCRIPTIONS :

All new subscriptions and renewals of the old ones are accepted at :

PARTHA BOOKS DIVISION

Nav Prabhat Chambers, Ranade Road, Dadar, Bombay 400 028.

The annual subscription rate for 24 issues is Rs. 96/- per year (add Rs. 5/- on outstation cheques). Drafts/cheques/M.O. should be in favour of PARTHA BOOKS DIVISION.

Are you a subscriber to TINKLE? If you are, send your subscription number and your date of birth to Uncle Pai. You will receive a surprise gift!

Readers' Contributions should be addressed to Editor, TINKLE, Mahalaxmi Chambers, 22 Bhulabhai Desai Road, Bombay 400 026.

Readers' Choice :

- Please send only folktales you have heard and not those you have read in books, magazines or textbooks. Rs. 25/- will be paid for every accepted contribution.
- Send a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want the story to be returned.
- Please do not send photographs until asked for.

This happened to me :

You can write on your own strange, thrilling or amusing experience or adventure. Rs. 15/- will be paid for every accepted contribution.

Readers Write...

1. Mail your letters to: Tinkle, P. Bag No. 16541, Bombay 400 026.
2. Please give your address in your letters, if you want a reply.

TINKLE TRICKS AND TREATS

1. Mail your entry to: Tinkle Competition Section, P. Bag No. 16541, Bombay 400 026.
2. The first 50 all-correct entries received by us will each win a colourful Amar Tinkle Club T-Shirt (Please specify any of the following sizes—26 cm., 28 cm., 30 cm.)
3. The next 50 best entries will each receive a copy of AMAR INDIA.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM

NAME _____

ADDRESS : _____

STATE : _____

PIN

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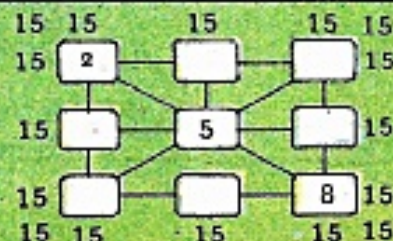
MY SOLUTIONS

TTT-59

A _____

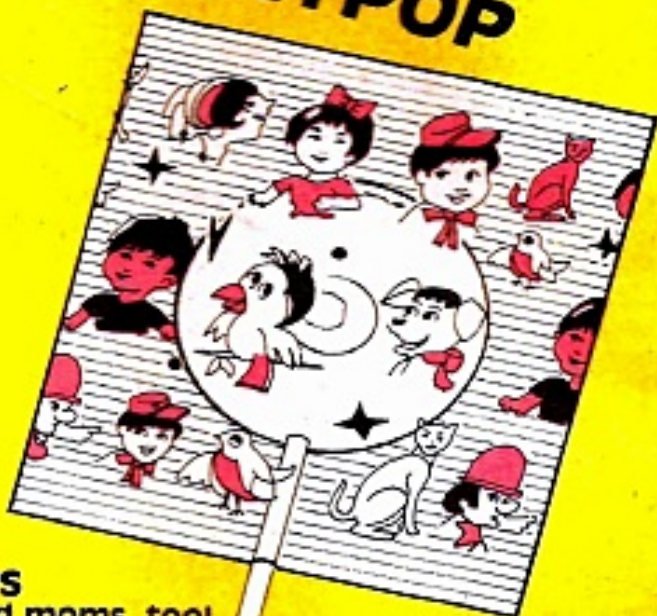
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C



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Read about Ranjha's
new adventures in his
own words in...



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Rs. 16

Now I heard the car door open in the distance and Woof shouting as loudly as he could, "Ranjha, scent! Track! Arrest!"

I heard him and stopped. And put my nose to the ground and started meandering in search of a

scent. Yes, there it was. Very strong. A human scent. A female scent, mixed with a smell of paint and paper. Suddenly, wham! I was up against a football-sized object on the ground. It was the severed head.

Spine-chilling tales
of ghosts, ghouls and
spirits... some friendly,
others naughty in...



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Just then there was a knocking on the door. "Who's there?" I called. Silence. And then, again, the knocking, and this time a voice, low and insistent: "Please let me in, please let me in..." I stepped forward,

unbolted the door, and flung it open.

She stood outside in the rain. Not the pale, beautiful one, but a wizened old hag with bloodless lips and flaring nostrils and—but where were the eyes? No eyes, no eyes!

And a collection of witty and amusing
folktales from all over India...

Gratefully, Buddhu walked out. And to every farmer he met on his way, he said proudly, "I hold my son's name in my fist." And then one of them wanted to see it. Buddhu slowly opened his fist. But alas! There was nothing in it! "Oh, dear," he wept. "It's fallen into this hay." And he promptly borrowed a hoe and began



to rake through the hay for the lost name. A farmer's wife who happened to be passing that way stopped and asked Buddhu what he was doing. When he told her, she exclaimed, "It's simply stupid." Buddhu was delighted. "You are right. I am so grateful to you that I will give you a reward... a bull," he cried.

Price: Rs. 8




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You can swirl it. You can twirl it.
You can curl your tongue
around it. 'Cos it's
smooth rich caramel
on the outside with
real Cadbury's Dairy Milk
chocolate tucked inside. Just
waiting to be licked and
licked and l-l-l-licked...



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